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Team English 09

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Putrid Polt

“It’s Paradise,” we say about the land of Alohas and leis  
Rainbows caress carefree clouds  
Prickly pineapples dance with exotic vegetation  
Beautiful beaches of white, black, red, green sand

But that’s not what Polt says.

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Tines dig into saucy flesh as  
Polt peers through pineapple portals  
Machete-like knives lay ominously across the table  
An innocent bed of lettuce cradles it all as his  
Severed head blithely stares us down. We  
Dream of a corned beef, bacon, and onion delight  
Gerhard’s grimace, meaty paradise

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What the deal? the reason? the link?

Perhaps a poultice for aching arches after volcanic treks  
Or a soothing salve for overbaked beach-goers  
Maybe medicine for turning stomachs after whirling tours

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The mystery will always be, but one stark fact  
Remains  
We’ll take Paradise over Polt’s any day.